

IS VELASQUEZ THE GREATEST OF ALL PAINTERS?

The Master Was a Magician of Paint, Yet Other Painters Surpassed Him in Certain Phases of Art

As we expected, an inquiry has reached us couched in the following expressive terms: "Who is this painter Velasquez that got \$1,000,000 for two of his pictures?" This was followed by a second question, though from another source: "Is Velasquez the greatest painter of them all? Professor S. says he is. We should very much like to know, as Millburg (N. C.) is split up into two factions, one upholding the professor, the other fighting for Alma Tadema." What is one to say when Millburg is divided on such a trifling matter? We are of the opinion that there is no such thing as "the greatest painter." It is all a matter of style, and there are many styles. Certainly Velasquez was a magician of paint, without suggesting the rich color of Titians, the graceful line of Raphael or Michelangelo's mighty personality. The two examples of Velasquez now the property of Mr. Altman were no doubt paid for with a big check, but there is a lot of money in the world and very few masterpieces by the Spaniard. Hence Mr. Altman will not regret his purchase and America is all the richer. As to the identity of Velasquez, it would not be amiss to say that the "painter fellow" has been dead several years, and he didn't die rich at that. Let us talk of him at length. We have adopted the Spanish way of spelling his name, following in this his biographer's lead.

Sir Walter Armstrong gives the date of his birth as June 6, 1599. The late Aureliano de Berete, the principal authority on the life and works of Velasquez, gives the above date as the baptismal day. There has been some dispute as to the date, but the registration of his baptism that day in the parish of San Pedro is still extant. His father was Juan Rodriguez de Silva, his mother Jeronima Velasquez, so that the painter ought rather to have been known as Silva than by the name he has rendered famous. The Silvas were of gentle Portuguese origin, but had been settled in the capital of Andalusia ever since the beginning of the sixteenth century. The young Diego was intended by his parents for some liberal profession, was taught Latin, was introduced to belles-lettres and even to philosophy. After a time, however, he began to show such an unyielding leaning toward art that he was placed as a pupil with Francisco Herrera the elder, whose brutal manners after but a short probation, to the studio of the milder Pacheco.

Becomes Court Painter.

In his "Arte de la Pintura" Pacheco claims nearly all the glory of his pupil's education. His assertions must, however, be taken with some reserve, for the mature art of Velasquez has vastly more in common with the rough but painterlike vigor of Herrera than with the cold simplicity of the other Francisco. Whether the lad stayed longer with his first master than tradition declares or not, a comparison of their work leaves no room for doubt as to the strong and permanent influence of Herrera's example. The influence of a third master has been said to count for something. This was Luis Tristan de Toledo, a pupil of El Greco. On him, however, no great stress need be laid. The true masters of Velasquez were his models. He worked directly from nature with a determined directness which has been surpassed. Huge studies of still life with his life-size figures introduced exist to prove how frankly he endeavored to realize the actual look of things. Before he was out of his teens he painted the "Water Carrier" of Aspley House and the "Adoration of the Kings" of the Madrid Museum, and in each of these the power given by such studies is conspicuous.

In 1618, when he was not yet 19, Velasquez married Pacheco's daughter Juana. Thirteen months afterward she bore him a daughter, Francisca, and two years later still a second daughter, Ignacia. He seems to have died in infancy. Francisca lived to become the wife of the painter Mario Martinez and the mother of many children. The wedded life of Velasquez was one of tranquil felicity, and when he died, forty-two years after his marriage, his wife followed him in

essays in art. Soon after his return Velasquez finished a portrait of Don Baltasar Carlos at the age of 3 and provided a sketch of the equestrian statue of Philip which was afterward modelled by Pietro Tacca at Florence and now stands before the royal palace at Madrid. The sketch hangs in the Uffizi. In 1624, on the occasion of his daughter Francisca's marriage to Juan Bautista del Mazo Martinez, Velasquez was permitted to hand down his court appointment to his son-in-law and was himself named an ayuda de guarda ropa without salary.

Years of Great Pictures.

Between this time and 1628 the story of Velasquez is contained in the chronological list of his pictures. In the last week of 1627 he is said to have painted Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Chevreuse, perhaps in the male costume in which she fled from France. In 1628, probably, he painted the Crucified Christ (Madrid Gallery), as to which Sir William Stirling Maxwell was in error in supposing it to have been carried off to France by Joseph Bonaparte or some of his generals. In

more than a year. Innocent X., Giovanni Battista Pamphili by birth, was the reigning pontiff, and his portrait, now in the Doria Pamphili palace, is one of the finest works of Velasquez. Among other portraits painted during his stay were those of Donna Olympia, Madaclachini, of Flaminia Triunfi, of Girolamo Bissalato, and of various chamberlains and other servants of the Pope. All these, says Palomino, were painted with those long handed tools which have since been known as Velasquez brushes. In the early months of 1631 the painter still lingered in Italy, but a letter from his friend Fernando Ruiz de Contreras, hinting at Philip's impatience for his return, led him to make preparations for his journey homeward. He sent his collections off to the care of the Spanish Viceroy at Naples and embarked at Genoa for Barcelona, where he landed in June, 1631.

A Knight of Santiago.

On February 16, 1632, Velasquez was named Apoderador Mayor, or Grand Marshal of the Palace of Philip. During the eight years of life which remained to

Madrid eight days before the King in company with two assistants, his son-in-law Mazo and one José de Villaseñor, he prepared lodgings for the court along the whole route to the Castle of Fontarabia and completed the garrison in the island. During the ceremonies connected with the marriage he acquitted himself admirably, but the fatigue of it all was too much for his strength. He returned ill to Madrid and after a few partial recoveries he finally sank and died on August 6, 1660, in the sixty-first year of his age. He left all he possessed to his wife, Juana Pacheco, but she followed him to the grave on the 14th of the same month. After his death the painter's affairs were found, or at least declared to be in disorder. The Spanish Treasury claimed a sum of about 1,350,000 maravedis from his estate and laid an embargo upon his effects. Six years later this was taken off on the payment by his son-in-law Mazo of half that sum, the remaining half being remitted as due by the treasury for arrears of pay to the King's Apoderador. As a man Velasquez seems to have been all that was

Scarcely Possible to Grant the Title "The Greatest Painter" to Any Artist—All a Matter of Style

respecting the truth, seeks the ideal expression suitable to each of the types represented, a proceeding which is purely classical and purely Greek. The "Water Carrier of Seville," the "Court Dwarf" and the "Vagrants" whom he painted reveal a similar tendency on the master's part, to rise from the purely realistic interpretation of the individual to the generic expression of character. Velasquez would not have been able to attain such a high idealization if he had not been an accomplished draughtsman.

That is his most striking gift. We have already observed it in the presence of each of his masterpieces; the drawing is always faultless. This faculty, which is so difficult and so tedious of acquisition, was, so to say, natural to him, for it was as apparent and as indisputable in his earliest works, such as the "Adoration of the Magi" and the "Water Carrier of Seville," as in his latest productions. Now, Velasquez was not 24 years old when these two canvases revealed his precocious mastery of drawing. By his personal style of interpreting nature he stands out from among the great masters and from among his equals and most clever imitators. Nobody has surpassed him in the stability and aplomb which all the personages of his paintings display, and few have been able to attain them without falling into affectation. In his rendering of the outline of figures he was wisely chosen to do away with all useless details and to select only the purely essential for the realization of the work.

and thus produce effects beyond what is natural. But this restriction of range in his genius is counterbalanced by his intensity; there is never any uncertainty in his work. He was never weak and very seldom careless. Lucien Solway says most appropriately in his book on Spanish art: "Only these splendors of the painter and the physiognomist which were intermittent with other artists never abandoned Velasquez for an instant; he did not know what fatigue, the parent of commonplace, meant." This constancy of perfection, the conscientiousness and care with which the accessories as well as the principal parts of his pictures are rendered contributed also to limit his production.

Greatness of Velasquez.

Velasquez never worked without a model; the poverty of his imagination prevented him from giving full scope to fancy, and far from suffering thereby, as is the case with many artists, he was thus saved from falling into the faults and bad habits of those who sacrifice too much to what is considered "obscure." Never, even in the fulness of his accomplishment, did he fall into mannerism, that fatal result of the abuse of facility; nor were any traces of decadence to be seen at any epoch of his life. He exercised his art like a veritable ministry; never once during his whole artistic career did he trifle with his definite work; he neither painted mere impressions nor daubs; not even sketches for his pictures. Those attributed to him of "Las Lanzas" and "Las Meninas" are not by his hand. In his time imitations were made of his style. In our days the clever pasticheur of the sketches and even of the paintings of Goya, Eugenio Lucas, whose works are attributed to Goya in many one of the great museums, tried also to imitate Velasquez, but these badly designed imitations, verging on caricature, have deceived nobody.

His progress was slow but continuous. This becomes evident on studying his three famous manners, so sharply defined, which are evolutionary phases uniting the intermediary works which we have already pointed out. There is no more transparent or simple technique than that of Velasquez; it is all the more interesting to us as it teaches us that the least complicated methods may lead to the most surprising results. Each of the manners of Velasquez has its special corresponding technique. We have seen that these differences arise especially from the fact that the paint, which is very thick in the earlier pictures, gets more and more fluid as the skill of the artist increases. In his last works some parts appear as if painted in water color, only the head and hands being thickly painted. "The Dwarf," "Don Juan de Austria" and "Hermite" are painted in this style. This method, doubtless, enabled Velasquez to paint very rapidly; but, on the other hand, the master was never satisfied with his first idea; in order to be convinced of this it is only necessary to examine the greater part of his canvases, and among others the two compositions just referred to, which are reckoned among the masterpieces, when many corrections and retouches will be observed in them. His work is always expressive and faithful; he used round brushes and nothing indicated the use of flat brushes.

Not Great as a Colorist.

As for the other qualities, they are so wisely balanced that no one prevails to the detriment of the others; natural simplicity of composition, harmony of coloring, lifelike but always majestic expression in the faces, exquisite taste in arrangement, everything is balanced in the happiest manner, and the apogee of art is thus attained.

Velasquez cannot be placed among the great colorists in the strict sense of the word. An eminent critic of Spanish art has said that "Velasquez would be very inferior to what he is in reality if he had the coloring of Rubens. Rubens's coloring is conventional, and the principal characteristic of Velasquez, that which constitutes the essence of his genius, that in which he is superior to all other painters, is his sincerity." This remark might be applied not only to Rubens but also to other masters who shine by the richness and intensity of their coloring. Velasquez never had a very brilliant palette; he only used the colors necessary for those subdued tones in which all the gray tints are combined. He thus obtained, thanks to the skill with which the relative values of the different colors were determined, harmonies of the highest distinction.

Another of the most noticeable of the characteristics of Velasquez, as of all great artists, is his independence. He was altogether a development from within, for we are unable to attribute any great influence on his artistic development to his great masters, Herrera and Pacheco. He frequented Herrera's studio only during a few months of his boyhood and besides, nothing is more opposed to the cold and ill digested classicism with which the writings of Pacheco are impregnated than the style of Velasquez. From his travels and study he assimilated only what suited his temperament. He did not yield to any outside influence; that of El Greco was limited to the addition of some of the qualities of this extraordinary artist to those which Velasquez already possessed.

This independence, this knowledge of his powers, was the reason why Velasquez never attempted large decorative painting, for which he did not feel himself suited. Thus it is that when he had to deal with the decoration of the great rooms of the Alcazar and Buen Retiro he undertook himself to go to Italy to look for fresco painters. Velasquez knew himself perfectly; he knew that imagination and invention, two indispensable factors in allegorical and decorative compositions, were not his strong points, and so he never left the sphere in which he moved so freely. He was content with Nature as he found her, and never attempted to register with those magnifying glasses which, while enlarging the lines, enlarge also the horizon

Brangwyn. They are new and each in its way is very interesting. Mr. Le Sidaner is now in the country and Frank Brangwyn is expected shortly. When the latter has etched some of his monster plates of New York we may expect a more powerful, more poignant, more massive and more truly interpretative version of this City of Magnificent Distances than is to be found in the tiny arabesques of Joseph Pennell. But we can hear Whistler shouting from across the river Styx: "There are no big etchings. The only etchings that are artistic are the etchings that look like mine!"

Through the courtesy of Georges Durand-Ruel we have received the catalogue of Auguste Chabaud's exposition at the Bernheim Gallery, Paris. Mr. Chabaud (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only we wish these new chaps wouldn't write pictures. Chabaud writes. He writes (does that name recall to you the old color merchant of twenty or thirty years ago in Paris belongs to the Near-Eastern school. He shows a lot, but he won't let the world see that he does. Under the mask of an Egyptian, a rigidly he portrays men sitting; men that are seemingly carved from immemorial granite. O the mystic panta of these men! Nevertheless M. Chabaud has talent. Only